

...september 30, 2010...

here i sit remembering
the backwards thoughts tomorrow brings
as if i plan to live it twice
between the images and words –

a long florescent kitchen light
bathes me yellow into warm –
a giant pillow at my back
a pen in hand – an open book –

i inscribe loose memories
into a day i never lived
and plan my recollections from
an archive i have yet to find –

perhaps i'll live this hour twice
through altered shifts in memory
to recreate my future-past
in layered multiplicity –

and so i sit here – throwing thoughts
into the back and forth of not –
wondering if i also sit
somewhere else – creating this.

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